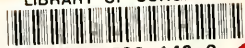


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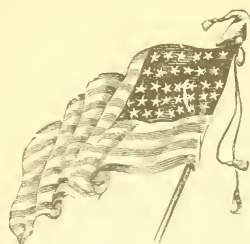


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THE BANNER WE LOVE
AND
THE OLD FLAG INSULTED.

BY B. FOLTZ

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1879

THE BANNER WE LOVE.

BY BENJ. FOLTZ.

Inscribed to the Hutchinson Family.

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1. There's a banner, the fairest that gems a wide world,
It floats in its beauty and grandeur so fair;
'Tis the banner the Heroes of old unfurled—
The star-spangled banner—so brilliant and rare.
We love the old banner, triumphant and grand,
It floats in its splendor from Liberty's tree;
The banner so grand—of the old Hero band—
The banner that waves o'er the land of the Free.

2. O'er the fairest of lands it floats in its pride,
The prestige and glory, of all that is grand,
In the Ages to come, its fame shall abide;
The boon of the Free, in this grand sunny land.

CHORUS.

3. Its bright streamers float o'er the homes of the Free,
Columbia's pride in this beautiful land;
Our glory at home, and our song o'er the sea,
The homage of all, it will ever command.

CHORUS.

4. All hail, to the brilliant old banner we love I
It floats in its grandeur from Freedom's old tree:
The banner we love—as a boon from above—
Wave on, and for aye—o'er the land of the Free.
All hail to the banner, so brilliant and grand!
It floats in its glory from Liberty's tree;
The banner so grand—of the Old Hero band,
For aye, it shall wave—o'er the land of the Free.

Rockford, Ill., January 15, 1879.

[Copyright secured, 1879]

THE OLD FLAG INSULTED.

Inscribed to the Hutchinson Family.

- 1 We salute the old flag, that e'er led the van,
In war's bloody conflicts, the grandest and best;
Our country we'll protect—protect to a man,
Should foes e'er dare insult, a nation so blest.

Chorus.

We salute the old flag, so brilliant and grand,
It floats proudly in battle from Liberty's tree;
The old flag so grand, of our heroic band,
For aye it shall wave, o'er the land of the Free.

- 2 Old warriors will flash the bright, gleaming blade,
And all foemen shall reap their terrible due;
A nation in arms—not a truce shall be made,
While the old flag insulted, is floating in view.

Chorus.

- 3 If war e'er shall rage, the triumph will come,
And speedily bring us the old booming day;
When a nation's huzzas will again welcome home,
The Heroe's who conquered in battle's mad fray.

Chorus.

- 4 And proudly we'll hail the old flags they bore,
So dauntless they bore them, in battle array;
And rich benedictions for them are in store,
For the Heroes victorious, in Freedom's glad day.

Chorus.

- 5 We salute the old flag—the flag that we love,
It floats in its grandeur from Freedom's old tree,
It came to our land, as a boon from above—
For aye it shall wave, o'er the land of the Free.

Chorus.

We salute the old flag, victorious and grand,
It floats in prond triumph from Liberty's tree,
The old flag so grand, of the brave victor band,
Wave in thy triumph, o'er the land of the Free.

Rockford, Ill., Jan. 15. 1879.

B. F.

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